

Act on them, baby

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Summary: Hairspray SLASH! My feelings are strange and I don't know what to do. Act on them, baby. No one's going to stop you. CornyLink

Previously named 'Words Taste Like Peaches', explanation for the change on the inside

Act on them, baby

It was brought to my attention that a few of the lines that I had used before were used before. I've changed those lines and again I am very sorry about that. I honestly didn't know.

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Corny is stretched out on the bed.

There are clothes thrown everywhere around the room. His purple suit jacket is barely hanging onto the body length mirror in the corner and his tie is dangling on the doorknob.

He woke up around half an hour ago and is now contemplating leaving or going back to sleep. The latter sounds great right now but, could cause serious problems later on.

He rolls onto his side and faces the window. It's still dark out and that means he still has a few more hours to get out.

He doesn't want to leave.

He also doesn't want to lose his job.

He turns towards the far wall and the body next to him.

He remembers what happened with Brenda.

Sometimes he wishes that she would have told her mother about it. But

if she had, Tracy wouldn't be on the show, there wouldn't be anymore "Negro Days" and this night never would have happened.

Of course he still remembered how it all started. It was a few weeks after the pageant. He started to notice a few things.

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First it was just little things. They wouldn't hold hands or kiss in public anymore.

Then it was asking to have different partners from time to time.

And lastly it was announcing that they were no longer a 'thing'.

After a while Corny would notice that Tracy would wander over to Penny after the show for some 'girl talk'. Their words. They would quietly whisper and discreetly point towards him when they thought he wasn't looking.

Seaweed had asked to switch places a few times so that he would be 'closer to Penny, so she would see him dancing for her'. His words.

Corny knew what was going on. One night a few days ago confirmed it. With the words they chose, he was surprised no one but the five of them suspected anything.

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Corny ran his eyes up and down the body beside him. He took in the pale skin on the stomach, chest and, long arms, and the dark messy hair that the young man just had to run his fingers through.

Eyelashes fluttered before big, blue eyes opened. They looked around the room before landing on Corny. Confusion flashed across them before remembrance and then content.

Link smiled at Corny before leaning up and kissing him softly. A smile settled on the crooner's lips before disappearing. Link was confused yet again.

The older of the two leaned down and nuzzled the little lark's nose before sitting up and whispering.

"I have to go. I don't think your mother would like that I was in your bed when she came to wake you up."

Link understood completely. He stood up and gathered Corny's clothes and set them on the dresser. He sat back down in his spot on the bed and turned towards his boss, sensing that he didn't want to leave just yet.

The usually perky man looked heartsick. He lifted his hand up to caress the teen's face before grabbing his hand. The songster slowly kissed down his young counterpart's neck and stopped at his shoulder. He sat up and stared at the songbird before standing.

Corny dressed and gave Link a quick peck on the cheek before quietly leaving the room.

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As he walked down the street towards his apartment the words that started the whole affair ran through his mind.

"My feelings are strange and I don't know what to do."

"Act on them, baby. No one's going to stop you."

End  
file.